

SOCIAL SEASON UNDER WAY

SOME WHO FIGURE IN THE EARLY GATHERINGS.

A late November wedding luncheon for a debutante at Sherry's Society's New Brides, Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Fahnstock with their children.

Miss Frances Gordon Alexander will be one of the autumn brides. Her wedding will take place tomorrow at the church of the Holy Trinity, which has become so popular a place for that purpose. Miss Alexander, who is the daughter of Mr. William Alexander of this city, is to marry Allen Gouverneur Wellman, a son of Francis I. Wellman by his first marriage. Mr. Wellman, who was graduated from Harvard in the class of '05,

is a deputy on the staff of District Attorney Whitman.

Miss Alexander's bridesmaids will be Mrs. Harold A. Sands, who was Miss Gertrude Sheldon until her marriage a few weeks ago, and Misses Eleanor Mortimer, Harriet Alexander, Dorothy Tuckerman, Evelyn Smith, Helen Coster, Ethel de Koven and Helen Rives. The best man will be Frederick Wellman, a brother of the bridegroom; while the ushers will be Frederick Frelinghuysen, Theodore P. Dixon, W. Rhineland Stewart, Jr., I. Chesley Richardson, Jr., Julian Wright, Alfred May and Gurnee Munn. The wedding will be followed by a reception at the Hotel Gotham, which is the present home of the Alexander family.

One of the recent brides was Mrs. Samuel Sloan Auchincloss, who before her second marriage at Windsor, Vt. last week was Mrs. Gunder Duryea. Her family home was for many years at the south-



Photo by Hixied.

MISS GWENDOLYN BURDEN.



Photo by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

MISS CORNELIA BROWN.



Photo by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

MRS. SLOAN AUCHINCLOSS.

HUNTING LUCK.

An Instance of It Related by a Pike County Man.

"Sometimes it's better to have luck in the woods than it is to have skill," said a Pike county man, who relates how he demonstrated the fact by a notable experience. "A big buck had been spending the season in the neighborhood where I was hunting that fall and had defied all the tricks I knew how to play in efforts to bag him. That same fall a sudden success in circumventing me at every turn where I came in contact with it or signs of it. To add to my chagrin and disappointment a she bear, still parading about in those woods in company with her two cubs born the spring before, seemed to be actually laughing at the way she managed to get the best of me and my plans laid against her and hers.

"At last though, I did succeed in fooling the wildest into slipping into one of my traps, but she was apparently so mad about it that she walked off with the trap. While I was trying to get the whereabouts of the wildest so as to at least to recover my trap I jumped up the old buck and away I went on his trail. I lost it but got some satisfaction for the time by getting on the trail of the she bear and her cubs. It wasn't a very warm trail, but I followed it up and was feeling hopeful of results when I heard

a shot off in the woods to my right. I went toward the sound to see who it was doing the shooting and what luck he had struck.

"About a hundred yards in I came on to one Jim Burt, who was a teamster in the employ of the tannery at the settlement a couple of miles from there. Jim, as I found out, had never been in the woods with a gun before in his life, but there he sat in the snow with a gun across his lap. He looked scared, and I naturally supposed it was because at the side of a fox trap which he sat lay a wildcat. It was dead, and I saw at once it was the one I had tried so long to get, for it had my trap on one of its forelegs.

"Did you hear me shoot?" said Jim. "Yes," said I, and I was mad too. "Just now," said Jim. "Of course," said I.

"Then it wasn't this critter here that you heard me shoot," said he. "I shot this critter a good while ago. It was a deer. I guess that you heard me shoot just now, over there in the brush."

"I stepped over to where Jim pointed, and there in the brush, deeper than a mackerel, lay a big buck, and that it was the one that had fooled me to the top of his bent all fall I was too familiar with the makeup of that one to doubt for an instant."

"And if you'd been up yonder about a mile an hour ago, said Jim, you might have been shot about two weeks, a big one and a little one. There was three, but one of 'em got away."

"Jim Burt had never been in the woods with a gun before in his life, and here,

just by blind, halfhearted luck he had killed inside of an hour or so the buck, two of the bears and the wildest that I had with all my experience and skill in woodcraft been unable to get within gunshot of any time for weeks. I was so mad that I told Jim he could keep the trap the wildest had on."

Increase of Cancer Denied.

From American Medicine. Because of any modern increase of cancer are being made by those who are competent to judge, both here and in Europe and it is a timely warning against the popular terror which has been created by the mass of lay literature on the subject.

There is no doubt that more cases are reported since we learned how to recognize them, so that the statistic increase does not necessarily mean an actual increase.

Again, there are more people who survive early diseases and reach the cancer age, so that there should be an actual relative increase of number of cases, but that is far from saying that a person in the cancer age is any more liable to contract that disease than were those who lived fifty years ago.

Taking into consideration all the available data, it has been decided by those who have looked into the matter exhaustively that the proportion of the population of cancer age who contract malignant disease is the same as it always has been.

A few thousand years ago, when our fighting ancestors rarely reached 40 years of age or even 30, there were mighty few cases of cancer, but the proportion was probably the same as now. Thus it vanishes another of the bugaboos due to improper study of modern medical statistics.

THE DOOR CHECK DISPLAY.

A Mechanical Window Show That Many People Stop to Look At.

There are many mechanical window displays, one of a very simple character, but that always has people standing looking at it shows the action of a door check. Within a framed construction there are set two swinging doors of the same dimensions, little doors about a foot in height, one of these doors being equipped with a door check of a regulation pattern, but of miniature size to correspond with the door on which it is placed, while the other little door has no door check. It just swings through the doorway in both directions, unchecked.

In the floor, running around through both doorways, you see a circular slot, through which connection is had with an invisible turntable underneath, and now as you stand watching two doors you see pushing through the door without a check the figure of a little woman whose course follows the slot, you know that through it her feet are attached to the turntable below, which causes and controls her movements.

When this little woman has cleared the doorway the door swings back through it and then swings forward through it, swinging so to and fro until it comes to a rest, as such doors do. If there had been anybody back of the door when it made its first long swing back it would have slammed into them; you know the door.

Having come out to the furthest point

of the circle in front of the lady of the swinging door now turns and goes back through it, the door again swinging back and forth after her in the same manner as before; but now while she is pushing through that door, to disappear behind it, another little lady appears, pushing open the other door, the one equipped with the door check, and when this other little lady has come through this door this one doesn't swing back through and keep swinging; it just settles back gently till it has come exactly into position where it ought to be when closed, and then there it stays; it takes care of itself, doesn't blow open, and gives no inconvenience whatever.

And so the two little ladies keep moving all day long, moving alternately out into view through and moving back out of sight through those two little doors, to show what a fine thing the door check is, and whether the sight is one that prompts many people to go in to buy door checks or not there are always people looking on.

A Prince in the Stums.

From the Gentlewoman. The late Prince Francis of Teck had for years been the best known of the Queen's brothers, for like his sister he had always taken a great interest in philanthropic work. He had worked in slum parishes for years and probably knew almost as much as a curate in a poor district of the manners and customs, hardships and habits of the submerged tenth. He perfectly understood the young bootlarks and took just as much practical interest in all works for the alleviation of their poverty and their moral improvement as does the Queen, who with her own hands makes dozens of garments for poor children during the year.

east corner of Park avenue and Thirtieth street. The founder of the Guidet family in this country was a Belgian, who introduced here the fashion of paving known as "Belgian blocks." The first actual use of this material was the stretch of street in front of the old Bowery Theatre.

Mr. Auchincloss is a grandson of the late Samuel Sloan, whose oldest daughter married the late Edgar S. Auchincloss of 22 East Forty-eighth street. He lives at 123 East Fifty-fifth street. He was graduated from Yale in the class of '01 and is a member of the Century and Metropolitan clubs. Mrs. Auchincloss has spent much of her time abroad.

Miss Cornelia Clifford Brown will be a debutante of next week. Mrs. Robert Taylor Varnum will give a luncheon in

her honor at Sherry's. Miss Brown is a niece of Mr. Walden Pell and of Stephen H. Pell.

Mrs. Charles de Lorsey Oelrichs, who is shown here with her son, was Miss Mary R. Turnbull of Morristown before her marriage to Mr. Oelrichs. Their New York home is now at 772 Park avenue. Mrs. Oelrichs was one of the most popular of the younger social set at Newport last summer. Mrs. William Fahnstock was Miss Julia Goethals. The Fahnstocks' home is at 22 East Fifty-first street.

Miss Gwendolyn Burden is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, of 2 East Ninety-second street. Miss Burden has just returned to this country from Europe, where with her mother and her older sister, Miss Evelyn Burden, she passed the summer.



Photo by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

MRS. WILLIAM FAHNSTOCK AND SON.



Photo by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

MRS. CHARLES DE LOOSEY OELRICHS AND MASTER OELRICHS.

LIKE TO WALK IN PUDDLES.

A Grown Up Man Tries to Ascertain a Reason for This Fancy of Boys.

"It may not be a matter of grave moment," said a grown up man, "but I would rather like to know why small boys like to walk in mud puddles."

"I don't refer now to the boy in rubber boots; his motives in wading in puddles and in deeper water I can understand. He is proud of his waterproof boots and he likes to surf it himself with the delightful consciousness and proof that they are waterproof; he likes to brave and pass unscathed the perils of a deep waterway of the gutters after a heavy rain; though with his first boots anyway he is likely to overdo this a little, to keep on trying to see how deep he can go till at last he steps into a place a little deeper than the rest and gets his boots filled."

"Still, I can understand the boy and his rubber boots, but I don't quite see through his fancy for walking or stepping in puddles generally when he has leather shoes on. Maybe here too it is because he likes to take risks, or perhaps it is because of his innate defiance of rule and convention."

"A bunch of small boys will one after another try jumping over a puddle to see if they can clear it, and then sooner or later one is sure to come down within the edge of the water. But that doesn't disturb him; on the contrary he rather enjoys that experience, and then you may see the bunch wind up by all running

or walking through the water. Why do they do this, getting their shoes wet and muddy and getting them wet causing them to wear out the soles, to say nothing of causing their mothers' care and worry not only over shoes but stockings? But all boys like to splash through mud puddles, and for that matter so do some older people, too."

"I like myself when I have on rubber boots to walk right ahead regardless of the pools of water on the sidewalk. In fact I am likely to step in them deliberately if they are not too deep, so that I may get the water over my rubbers to wet my feet. I like to splash ahead unhampered and really in doing this simple little free action I find enjoyment. And I guess it is a sense of this sort that makes the boy find a pleasure in scampering or stamping or walking through mud puddles; he likes to take the risk and see how much water he can get on his feet without getting his feet wet, but the thing he likes best about it is its defiant unfettered freedom."

The Most Fatal Disease.

From the British Colonization. This is the terrible application which Col. Seely, the British Under Secretary for the Colonies, gives to the sleeping sickness of Africa. This disease is communicated by the famous tsetse, and Sir David Bruce has reported that out of hundreds of thousands of cases he did not know of a single recovery.

A strange fact is that the sleeping sickness has spread enormously since the coming of white men into the regions affected by it. Heretofore it has been made to stay the same, with no great progress, but since the coming of the white man it has been made to spread. The plan of removing the natives from the infected lake shores has not proved so effective a remedy as was hoped.